



Around the World and Back Again



The Amazing, Comical, Terrible Monetary Chaos in Russia

A VIVID light is thrown on conditions in Moscow by a letter from an American refugee who reached Copenhagen on May 19 last. It was written to a friend in Switzerland. The "Berliner Bund" recently published the following extract from it:

"I think myself fortunate to be able to inform you that I succeeded in making my escape to this place, although I had to leave in Moscow all my money and belongings. I have barely recovered from my journey, on which, in order to effect my escape, I had more than once to change my disguise, and dared not remain for a night at the place where I had spent the day.

"The violent proceedings of the Bolshevik Soviet in Moscow are simply dreadful; the conditions thereby created beggar description. Decree after decree, execution without mercy and at a moment's notice!

"One of the first decrees empowered the 'authorities' to go to houses where it was known that money, bonds, jewels, etc., were to be found, no matter whether in the hands of Russians or foreigners. And the 'authorities' went and took. Another decree gave notice to all owners of safes, private persons as well as banks, foreigners as well as natives, to deliver all the keys, ticketed with name, street, house number and floor, to the office for an inventory. In case of failure the contents of the safes were sequestered.

"What, then, was left but to deliver the keys promptly to the designated office? The taking of the inventory proceeded punctually, of course, even with foreigners, where, for propriety's sake, an employee of the consulate was permitted to look on. They then took away the keys. As occasion demanded (and there were many occasions for such demands) they took without scruple any cash, as well as bonds and jewels. Formerly we had the saying: 'The Church has a good stomach!' Now they say: 'The Soviet digests everything!'

"Energetic protests of the foreigners finally produced a modification to the effect that every foreigner should be allowed to retain as much as 1,000 rubles—for his departure. If he disposed of more than hundreds of thousands, there remained for him only those 1,000 rubles. As to the rest—goodbye! With this thousand he could travel or eat up the money and then see how and where he was to starve to death. This is said to have happened, since the road to departure to the east was as blocked as to the west. In brief, all money, bonds and jewels are now in the hands of the Bolsheviks, and none of those thus robbed can cherish a ray of hope ever to see a penny of it.

"When the first decrees of this sort came into effect Russians in possession of great fortunes hoped to save at least part of their money and values by transferring them to foreigners. They thought that the property of foreigners would be protected by the consulates. At that time Russian merchants of my acquaintance offered to transfer to my name over a million rubles, and these credits in the banks of Moscow were to pass into my hands, while I would have become debtor to but 10 per cent of the value. A brilliant deal, indeed! But when the good people later realized that the foreigner was 'skinned,' just as the Russian, this most brilliant deal came to naught.

"In order to be enabled to shear all the sheep at the same time and with absolute certainty the Soviet devised an infallible means, announcing that all paper money in circulation would at a given date cease to pass as currency, since a new emission of banknotes was to be made. Those who would be kind enough to bring the old bills within the set term would get 50 per cent—that is, half of their money. Those failing to do so might keep their bills, which, however, would only be good for papering their dark abodes. I had a talk with the director of the Moscow Bank of Commerce, hoping to get at least 1,000 rubles for 160,000 there deposited. But all was love's labor lost. He declared that he himself had been strictly forbidden to dispose of more than he needed for his daily subsistence.

"Everybody knows that all over Russia banks have been sealed up and the doors hermetically closed, so that no mail is being delivered and no transactions whatever are possible. Outside, before the doors, stands bankruptcy."

The War Horse Is Still a Factor

DESPITE the vast numbers of motor vehicles used on the European battle fronts, the horse is still important as an engine of war. The armies in the field have already used 4,500,000 horses, and our new army will require 1,500,000 more.

Wounded horses are easily handled. They seem to know that the surgeons are trying to help them and they submit to having their hurts dressed with wonderful fortitude.—From *Gas Logic*.

A Big Tuna Cannery in Hawaii

HALF a million dollars is to be expended in the construction of a large tuna cannery on the island of Maui, in the Hawaiian group. The waters around the islands swarm with fish of every description, among which the tuna is predominant and attains an enormous size. The operation of this plant will be a valuable addition to the food supply of the United States and may lead to the establishment of an important fishing industry in the island territory, says an exchange.—From *The Fishing Gazette*.

The Only City That Lies Partly in Two Continents

"SEEN from the deck of an approaching steamer on a smiling summer morn, the city impresses itself on one's fancy as the creation of an Eastern magician." It is Constantinople, the only city in the world that lies partly in two continents, that is thus spoken of. The description in "The National Marine" is by Léon Dominian.

"To the right the subdued heights of the Asiatic shore lie fringed with islands whose verdant slopes assume varying appearance as the stately pine trees that crown their heights or the lawns beneath come into full view.

"Ahead of the steamship's bows the Golden Horn, teeming with craft of every size, stretches far inland to where green hills reach the horizon. To the right, Pera, the Christian quarter, covers the high ground in shell-like rows of houses. The massive Genoese tower of Galata flanks its eastern slope. On the left, the Yenidjami and Valideh Sultan mosques appear, with their lofty domes and massive arcades. The Turkish city of Stamboul is deployed along the entire length of the shore. The rounded forms of the mosques of St. Sophia and Sultan Ahmed stand out like gigantic citadels. The town presents the appearance of a vast pyramid formed by successive steps of dwellings. Flat roofs merge everywhere with the level of thresholds. Towering high above mosque and home alike the graceful watch tower of the War Department, commanding a view of European and Asiatic shore lines, rises as if to symbolize the erstwhile mastery of Turkish arms over two continents.

"The random wanderer will find Turkish life at its best in Stamboul. There, in the maze of crooked lanes and narrow streets, remote from spacious modern avenues, the customs of another age flourish undisturbed by the din and bustle of progress. At noon, as the melodious call of a muezzin is sounded from the balcony of frail minarets erected within shouting distance of each other, a slow procession of faithful Moslems will piously turn their steps toward the entrance of the nearest mosque in sight. With solemn deference they will perform the prescribed ablutions at the fountains that surround every Mohammedan sanctuary. Deep-rooted faith marks their every gesture. The removal of shoes, the bathing of feet, the moistening of ears with thumbs drawn out according to the prophet's directions, all form part of what they consider the most important action of life.

"In the streets a thousand tokens bespeak the capital's imperishable past. Its mottled ramparts, rising in the very heart of the Mohammedan city now grown beyond their line, give mute testimony of sturdy struggles. The strolling visitor casually proceeding along a narrow street may suddenly behold a lone pillar standing in the middle of the pavement where once a row of columns had marked, perhaps, some grandee's favorite afternoon resort. But beyond all it is the sight of stately churches and palaces that conveys true inkling of the grandeur of former days. The Moslem conquerors of Constantinople themselves were inspired by the monuments they found, and here the noblest conceptions of Turkish architects materialized into their most exquisite creations.

"To protect the city a triple wall of fortifications was reared in early Byzantine days. The hand of time has been more lenient on this ancient pile than that of men. In spite of the havoc wrought in spots by conquerors the ruins still spread over a considerable portion of their line. The seaward wall extending from Seraglio Point, along the shores of the Marmora to the Castle of the Seven Towers, is in a relatively fair state of preservation. The same can be said of the landward line thence to the Golden Horn. As they stand at present, shorn of their erstwhile might, they convey a striking vision of majesty lingering in an aftermath of decadence. The mute tale of chapter

upon chapter of world history can be read in the solemn succession of rampart and castle."

Buffer

AFGHANISTAN, writes Basanta Koomar Roy in "Asia," is a buffer state and a prize Germany would like to control. For, he continues—

"It is a broad door to India. The Entente versus Teuton contest for its adherence is a gamble as delicate as the spin of a wheel. This contest may turn on a single throw of the dice. It is not a question of influencing public sentiment through a thousand and one approaches, any one of which may be abandoned if proved a mistake without jeopardizing the other thousand. The stakes are laid on the personality of one individual—the Amir of Afghanistan. He is astute, ambitious, conscious of the balance of power he holds, and not unlearned in the art of watching the turn of world events. . . .

"The opinion is held that it is highly unlikely that Germany could undertake in the near future a big military drive through Central Asia. The extent of the necessary lines, it is argued, would seem prohibitive. I, however, am strongly of the opinion that the German will lose no time in attempting this thing. And the nature of the problem of Afghanistan is inviting to the Teuton ambition. If by peaceful penetration the German should first get the ear of the Amir there are features in the geographical situation of the country that make it a nest for unlimited trouble and danger to India. A military campaign against India from Afghanistan, granted a primary base of supplies near at hand, is not impossible, in spite of the mountainous character of the country. . . .

"Next to Turkey, Afghanistan is the strongest country in the Mohammedan world. It is, like Switzerland, a mountain fastness, and this has given it its independence as a buffer state. Its people are fierce fighters, a quality the British Raj had occasion to test in the two Afghan wars of

1840-'41 and 1878-'79. The dangerous nature of the country's topography was also discovered at this time. Afghanistan has an area of 250,000 square miles, inside which both Germany and Bulgaria could easily be placed. The population is 6,000,000, or as large as that of Holland. The Aimaks, Ghilzais, Hazars, Kairs, Pathans, Tojiks and the Uzbeks are the principal races of the population. . . .

"Afghanistan has no outlet to the sea and hence no navy. But the paramount factor in its life is its state of military preparedness. Out of political and military chaos a new Afghanistan has been created by the supreme genius of Abdur Rahman, the late father of the present Amir. He fought his way to the throne of Afghanistan, and immediately after his recognition set himself to reorganizing the scattered forces of the army. He introduced a system of compulsory military training by which one man in every seven between the ages of eighteen and twenty had to take military training. Thus he planned in course of time to train every man in military science. . . .



A street of steps, in Constantinople, leading from Galata to Pera. It is called the Yukse Kaldirim.

—Photo from *The National Marine*. © Underwood & Underwood

"The present Amir, His Majesty Siraj-ul-Millat Wa Ud-din Habibullah Khan, Lamp of the Nation and Religion, cooperated with his father in the reconstruction of Afghanistan. He, too, is a firm believer in preparedness, and ever since he received permission from the British to buy machines of war from whomever he chose has been buying the very best from all quarters of the globe. Most of his modern forts are equipped with howitzers and Maxims, Hotchkisses and Nordenfelds. Since the beginning of the present war he has been busy perfecting the roads."

A New Goal for the American Tourist

AMID the wilds of Southwestern Oregon, almost unknown to the world at large, according to "Popular Mechanics," is situated

"a series of underground chambers and passages remarkable for their size and for the beauty and unusual character of their decorations. Within the last few years they have been made a national monument and are now known as the Marble Caves of Oregon.

"They were discovered in 1874 by Elijah Davidson, an early pioneer, while trailing a wounded bear down the mountain side. Owing to their isolated location and high altitude they have remained almost unknown even to the people of the Pacific Coast.

"At the present time a visit to the caves is no small undertaking. From Grant's Pass or Medford a thirty-mile drive takes one to the camp at the end of the wagon road. The rest of the trip must be made on foot or muleback up a steep trail ten miles in length. During the summer months the Forestry Service stations a forester at the caves as guide and caretaker. . . .

"The caves consist of three and a half miles of marble passages and grottoes, ranging from one to four or five stories in height. In places the connecting corridors are so low that one must crawl on all fours for a considerable distance. Elsewhere the chambers are so large that the opposite walls and ceiling are scarcely visible in the dim candlelight. The largest cavern measures over 500 feet in length, and its arched ceiling is 100 feet above the floor.

"Throughout the entire cave the stalactite formations are rich and wonderfully varied. In some chambers the ceiling is a mass of small stalactites, from the points of which hang starlike glittering pendants—drops of water. In one superb room the roof is covered with gigantic inverted white tulips; in another folds of massive draperies cover the walls, supported by immense fluted columns. Here stalactites reach down from above, and embrace their stalagmite sisters, thus forming pillars of surpassing symmetry and beauty; there a miniature Niagara stands outlined in white marble, beyond which a magnificent Solomon's Temple is carved deep into the heart of the mountain.

"Through the lower levels of the cave flows a clear stream of water, the River Styx, over which visitors travel for some distance on a narrow plank foot bridge. The pipes in the Organ Loft when struck with a wooden mallet sound weird tones which can be heard in the adjoining grotto, Old Nick's Bedchamber, with its four-poster bed of stalagmites.

"In Windy Passage the candles are generally extinguished by the current of air which constantly sweeps through, and, for once in their lives visitors know what real darkness means. Fat Man's Grief, a long, low, narrow passage, is almost impassable for those who weigh over 200 pounds, and great is the laughter which greets the heavyweight of the party as he slowly and painstakingly works his way through. . . .

"The climb to the upper cave, 200 feet above the lower chambers, is a very strenuous one. The first obstacle to be encountered is the Devil's Backbone. This is a long, sharp ridge with a yawning chasm on either side, and the only way to cross it in safety is to straddle it and hitch along a few inches at a time. The rest of the way is up ladders and chimneylike crevices in semi-darkness for the few candles carried by the party seem only to accentuate the gloom and to cast shadows where light is most needed. Exit can be made from the upper opening, thus avoiding what would be a very tiresome if not dangerous descent back to the lower cave."

There's Still Some Heavy Going on the Lincoln Highway

THOUGH much has been done for its improvement, there is yet a great deal to accomplish in the way of engineering and road building on the Lincoln Highway, says a writer in "Sinclair's Magazine." The following brief report is given of the most interesting facts of the highway's latest improvements:

"The start is made at Times Square, New York City, where the road question was settled more than a hundred years ago. In New Jersey the highway is represented by fine macadam roads, but the enormously heavy freight traffic is demanding a construction even more durable. Pennsylvania is proud of the honor earned by its section because of its use for military traffic between Pittsburgh and Atlantic coast ports. The three hundred and eighty miles of that state's portion make the longest improved road in the transcontinental route. Ohio's road officials expect to eliminate all dirt roads from their part of the highway during the present year. Their expenditure of a million dollars recently in transforming an unimproved road indicates the progress of this work. The Indiana section is practically all of brick and concrete, calculated to stand the demands of future freight traffic.

"From such construction the Lincoln Highway passes through the Gumbo states, Illinois and Iowa, where the absence of grit in the soil is partly responsible for the glue-like consistency of the muddy road in wet weather. Due in large part to the efforts of J. W. Corkins, state consul, and the unity of effort of county, state and Federal authorities, the present programme for Illinois will complete that state's section of the Lincoln Highway with permanent resurfacing by the end of the year. Iowa's three hundred and fifty miles will probably be converted into an all-weather road by next year, as grading, draining and graveling are at present improving conditions.

"Nebraska lacks funds to make the necessary changes in its stretch of highway on account of its extensive mileage and sparse population. Drainage work and the placing of concrete crossings where the roads are likely to be flooded are steps toward an all-weather thoroughfare. Wyoming has spent more on the Lincoln Highway in proportion to her population than any other state traversed by it, despite the fact that gravel roads prevail there. In some localities strips of concrete thirty inches wide are being inserted across the road where lack of funds forbids entire concrete construction.

"Utah presents difficulties to the Lincoln Highway traveller as he reaches the desert. Through the generous financial assistance pledged by Mr. Seiberlin, the Goodyear Tire and Rubber Company and Carl Fisher, the founder, \$125,000 will be spent in improving the desert section and the mountain pass east. Thus fifty-five miles of the worst road between New York and the Golden Gate will be eliminated. Nevada looks to Federal aid to improve her roads, which present no serious difficulties.

"Upon reaching California the attractions of the last lap in the ocean-to-ocean highway harmonize with other advantages presented by the state to travellers. The motorist who completes his journey across the continent becomes an ardent advocate of the improvement of highways, for he has been reminded daily of the tremendous military and industrial possibilities of this great highway."

The Sinn Féin Anthem

IRELAND'S new (Sinn Féin) national anthem was written a few years ago by a Dublin carpenter, Peadar O'Ceirnaigh. With the spread of Sinn Féin since 1916 "A Soldier's Song" has almost displaced T. D. Sullivan's "God Save Ireland." After the Irish National Volunteers split in September, 1914, the Sinn Féin section adopted the ballad as a rallying song, and it was used at their miniature training camps and on route marches. Now it is raised in every nationalist street demonstration, and though the supporters of Mr. Dillon have hitherto shown preference for the traditional national anthem by Thomas Davis, it is noted that the Sinn Féin war song has been sung at most of the amalgamated meetings held during the last few weeks.

The anthem expresses the aggressive nationalism of Sinn Féin, as in the ballads of the Fenian days. Here is an extract:

Sons of the Gael, men of the Pale,
The long-watched day is breaking.
The serried hosts of Innisfail
Shall set the tyrant quaking.
Our camp-fires now are burning low,
See in the east a silvery glow,
Out yonder waits the Saxon foe,
So chant a soldier's song.

Soldiers are we whose lives are pledged
To Ireland,
Some have come from the land beyond
The wave;
Sworn to be free, no more our ancient
sireland
Shall shelter the despot or the slave;
To-night we man the Bearnna Baoghail
In Erin's cause, come woe or weal
'Mid cannon's roar and rifles' peal
So chant a soldier's song.

The Bearnna Baoghail means the "gap of danger." The Pale was, of course, the English settlement area in Leinster, and is still used as a poetical way of describing the descendants of the settlers.—Manchester Guardian.

After the War in Occupied Belgium

ATENTION is called to the fact that in the district of Liège after the war the coal mines of the basin of Liège will reorganize in still greater proportions the food service which they had created for the miners, but which the food shortage forced them to suspend. The syndicated coal mines in question will open establishments to furnish to the workers food, clothing, shoes, etc., at cost.—From *The Belgian Bulletin*.

Dining Out in Paris Isn't What It Used To Be



"Where are you going, thus laden?"
"To the Huntels, who have invited us to dine."

—From *Le Pêle Mêle*.